

## Barber County Index

Painter & Herr, Pub.

### MEDICINE LODGE, : : KANS.

One straw hat doesn't make a summer.

John Bull is suffering from belit-cose veins.

The lions in Africa are not putting up a good fight.

A tsetse fly is said to make a typhoid fly look like 30 cents.

"Wilhelmina's baby has 60 dainty gowns." All cut princess, we presume.

But the birds may be considerably amused at Wilbur Wright's attempts to fly.

However had American beef may be, it is preferable to European horse steaks.

A brewery strike is on in Milwaukee. Watch the paragraphs around the country.

The circus took away a lot of money, but left many pleasant recollections behind.

Cotton keeps going up and the king of the south is feeling very fine and hearty these days.

A Missouri man advertises for a lost umbrella. We are not altogether a nation of skeptics.

Castro's most noteworthy achievement for Venezuela appears to have been his leaving of it.

Which are the more destructive, big hats for women or legislative jokes expressed in freak bills?

America has never yet failed to welcome a visiting warship in keeping with the spirit of its coming.

Not a great deal of faith is required to induce a forehanded householder to get the lawnmower sharpened.

Somebody should take a phonographic record next time the shah proclaims a constitution and then hold him to it.

We wonder if the innocent builders of Dreadnaughts are contributing money to help keep Great Britain in a constant state of panic?

Just in time for the toy pistol and other cheerful features of the Fourth, another look-jaw cure has been announced. In proved efficiency, however, the pistol is far in the lead.

Missouri refuses to appropriate money for instruction in journalism. This will mean a few less lectures, but the real schools of newspaper work will go on without state aid.

Why shouldn't King Edward begin to show signs of old age? He has lived through 67 years, and if any of them have been short weight or under size the fact has escaped notice.

A social worker in New York is attacking the tendency to tell fairy tales instead of historical stories to the children in the public playgrounds. It is a great pity that some of the modern theories do not recognize what safe companions the dear old fairies are for the children.

A writer in the London Times praises Abdul Hamid for his unfailing courtesy, enthusiasm for schools and education, benevolence and tender-heartedness even for those convicted of attempting to take his life. After this the world will not be surprised to hear that he is a monogamist.

A little girl in New York has set an example of civic generosity and duty which has been deemed important enough to acknowledge formally. Reading in the papers that the appropriation asked for the Hudson-Fulton celebration was equal to a pro rata contribution from every citizen of seven-and-a-half cents, she sent her contribution of eight cents to help.

The remark of Mr. Bryce in his "American Commonwealth," that the founders of the constitution were men who believed firmly in original sin and left no door open they could shut, is very applicable and deserves special study just now. A bit of this sound, if old-time, wisdom would help immeasurably in our civic affairs, where men, apparently, are taken on child-like trust, and the door of every public trust fund is open.

The issue of Thursday, March 25, of the Evening Bulletin of Honolulu, territory of Hawaii, is acceptable evidence that American energy follows the flag. It is an issue of 74 pages, including an illustrated "Industrial Section" on book paper, setting forth the development and magnitude of the Hawaiian sugar industry. Hawaii is a land of promise for the agriculturist and horticulturist, and she is to come to her own through the influence of American enterprise in every field of endeavor.

The cow may yet become the Massachusetts emblem, but not while there's any question of the milk standard. Nobody ever tried to tamper with the codfish.

An English prince of the royal blood is to be appointed viceroy of India, where the gospel of discontent is being preached by thousands and the natives are plotting against their alien oppressors. Lord Kitchener ruled India with an iron hand and only aggravated conditions. There is a storm brewing in India.

# The Brass Bowl

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

COPIRIGHT 1907—THE BOBBY-MERRILL CO.

## SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook. Daniel Anisty, half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.  
"You doubted me, after all!" she commented, a trifle bitterly.

"I—no! You misunderstand me. Believe me, I—"

"Ah, don't protest. What does it make or mar, whether or not you trusted me? . . . You have," she added, quietly, "the jewels safe enough, I suppose?"

He stopped short, aghast. "I! The jewels!"

"I slipped them in your coat pocket before—"

Instantly her hand was free, Maitland ramming both his own into the side pockets of his top coat. "They're safe!"

She smiled uncertainly.

"We have no time," said she. "Can you drive?"

They were standing by the side of her car, which had been cunningly hidden in the gloom beneath a spreading tree on the further side of the road. Maitland, crestfallen, offered his hand; the tips of her fingers touched his palm lightly as she jumped in. He hesitated at the step.

"You wish me to?"

She laughed lightly. "Most assuredly. You may assure yourself that I shan't try to elude you again—"

"I would I might be sure of that," he said, steadying his voice and seeking her eyes.

"Procrastination won't make it any more assured."

He stepped up and settled himself in the driver's seat, grasping throttle and steering wheel; the great machine thrilled to his touch like a live thing, then began slowly to back out into the road. For an instant it seemed to hang palpant on dead center, then shot out like a hound unleashed, ventral-terre—Brooklyn miles away over the hood.

It seemed but a minute ere they were thundering over the Myanms bridge. A little further on Maitland slowed down and, jumping out, lighted the lamps. In the seat again—no words had passed—he threw in the high-speed clutch, and the world flung behind them, roaring. Thereafter, breathless, stunned by the frenzy of speed, perforce silent, they bored on through the night, crashing along deserted highways.

In the east a band of pallid light lifted up out of the night, and the horizon took shape against it, stark and black. Slowly, stealthily, the formless dawn dusk spread over the sleeping world; to the zenith the light-smitten stars reeled and died, and houses, fields, and thoroughfares lay aglimmer with ghostly twilight as the car tore headlong through the grim, unlovely, silent hinterland of Long Island City.

The gates of the ferry-house were inexorably shut against them when at last Maitland brought the big machine to a tremulous and panting halt, like that of an overdriven thoroughbred.

And though they perforce endured a wait of fully 15 minutes, neither found aught worth saying; or else the words wherewith flit to clothe their thoughts were denied them. The girl seemed very weary, and sat with head drooping and hands clasped idly in her lap. To Maitland's hesitant query as to her comfort she returned a monosyllabic reassurance. He did not again venture to disturb her; on his own part he was conscious of a clogging sense of exhaustion, of a drawn and haggard feeling about the eyes and temples; and knew that he was keeping awake automatically, his being already adoze.

The fresh wind off the sullen river served in some measure to revive them, once the gates were opened and the car had taken a place on the ferry-boat's forward extreme. Day was now full upon the world; above a horizon belted with bright magenta, the cloudless sky was soft turquoise and sapphire; and abruptly, while the big unwieldy boat surged across the narrow ribbon of green water, the sun shot up with a shout and turned to an evanescent dream of fairy-land the gaunt, rock-ribbed profile of Manhattan island, bulking above them in tier upon tier of monstrous buildings.

On the Manhattan side, in deference to the girl's low-spoken wish Maitland ran the machine up to Second avenue, turned north, and brought it to a stop by the curb, a little north of Thirty-fifth street.

"And now whither?" he inquired, hands somewhat impatiently ready upon the driving and steering gear.



"We Have No Time," Said She. "Can You Drive—?"

The girl smiled faintly through her veil. "You have been most kind," she told him in a wiled voice. "Thank you—from my heart, Mr. Anisty," and made a move as if to relieve him of his charge.

"Is that all?" he demanded, blankly.

"Can I say more?"

"I . . . I am to go no further with you?" Sick with disappointment, he rose and dropped to the sidewalk—anticipating her affirmative answer.

"If you would please me," said the girl, "you won't insist."

"I don't," he returned, ruefully.

"But are you quite sure that you're all right now?"

"Quite, thank you, dear Mr. Anisty!"

With a pretty gesture of conquering impulse she swept her veil aside, and the warm rose-glow of the new-born day tinted her wan young cheeks with color. And her eyes were as stars, brimming with gratitude—and something else. He could not say what; but one thing he knew, and that was that she was worn with excitement and fatigue, near to the point of breaking down.

"You're tired," he insisted, solicitous. "Can't you let me—?"

"I am tired," she admitted, wistfully, voice subdued, yet rich and vibrant.

"No, please. Please let me go. Don't ask me any questions—now."

"Only one," he made supplication. "I've done nothing—"

"Nothing but be more kind than I can say!"

"And you're not going to back out of our partnership?"

"Oh!" And now the color in her cheeks was warmer than that which the dawn had lent them. "No. I shan't back out." And she smiled.

"And if I call a meeting of the board of management of Anisty and Wentworth, Limited, you will promise to attend?"

"Ye-es—"

"Will it be too early if I call one for to-day?"

"Why—"

"Say at two o'clock this afternoon, at Eugene's. You know the place?"

"I have lunched there—"

"Then you shall again to-day. You won't disappoint me?"

"I will be there. I . . . I shall be glad to come. Now—please!"

"You've promised. Don't forget."

He stepped back and stood in a sort of dreamy daze, while, with one final wonderful smile at parting, the girl assumed control of the machine and swung it out from the curb. Maitland watched it forge slowly up the avenue and vanish round the Thirty-sixth street corner; then turned his face southward, sighing with weariness and discontent.

At Thirty-fourth street a policeman, lounging beneath the corrugated iron awning of a corner saloon, faced about with a low whistle, to stare after him. Maitland experienced a chill sense of criminal guilt; he was painfully conscious of those two shrewd eyes, boring gimlet-like into his back, overlooking no detail of the wreck of his evening clothes. Involuntarily he glanced down at his legs, and they moved mechanically beneath the edge

of his overcoat like twin animated columns of mud and dust, openly advertising his misadventures. He felt in his soul that they shrieked aloud, that they would presently succeed in dinning all the town awake, so that the startled populace would come to the windows to stare in wonder as he passed by. And inwardly he groaned and quaked.

As for the policeman, after some reluctant hesitation, he overcame the inherent indisposition to exertion that affects his kind, and, swinging his stick, stalked after Maitland.

Happily (and with heartfelt thanks-giving) the young man chanced upon a somnolent and bedraggled hack, at rest in the stenciled shadows of the Third avenue elevated structure. Its pilot was snoring lustily the sleep of the belated, on the box. With some difficulty he was awakened, and Maitland dodged into the musty, dusty body of the vehicle grateful to escape the unprejudiced stare of the guardian of the peace, who in another moment would have overtaken him and, doubtless, subjected him to embarrassing inquisition.

As the ancient four-wheeler rattled noisily over the cobbles, some of the shops were taking down their shutters, the surface cars were beginning to run with increasing frequency, and the sidewalks were becoming sparsely populated. Familiar as the sights were, they were yet somehow strangely unreal to the young man. In a night the face of the world had changed for him; its features loomed weirdly blurred and contorted through the mystical gray-gold atmosphere of the land of Romance, wherein he really lived and moved and had his being. The blatant day was altogether preposterous; to-day was a dream, something nightmarish; last night he had been awake, last night for the first time in twenty-odd years of existence he had lived.

He slipped unthinkingly one hand into his coat pocket, seeking instinctively his cigarette case; and his fingers brushed the coarse-grained surface of a canvas bag. He jumped as if electrified. He had managed altogether to forget them, yet in his keeping were the jewels, Maitland heirlooms—the swag and booty, the loot and plunder of the night's adventure. And he smiled happily to think that his interest in them was 50 per cent. depreciated in 24 hours; now he owned only half.

Suddenly he sat up, with happy eyes and a glowing face. She had trusted him!

## CHAPTER V.

Incognito.

At noon, precisely, Maitland stirred beneath the sheets for the first time since he had thrown himself into his bed—stirred, and, confused by whatever alarm had awakened him, yawned stuporously, and sat up, rubbing clenched fists in his eyes to clear them of sleep's cobwebs. Then he bent forward, clasping his knees, smiled largely, replaced the smile with a thoughtful frown, and in such wise contemplated the foot of the bed for several

minutes—his first conscious impression, that he had something delightful to look forward to yielding to a vague recollection of a prolonged shrill tinnabulation—as if the telephone bell in the front room had been ringing for some time.

But he waited in vain for a repetition of the sound, and eventually concluded that he had been mistaken; it had been an echo from his dreams, most likely. Besides, who should call him up? Not two people knew that he was in town; not even O'Hagan was aware that he had returned to his rooms that morning.

He gaped again, stretching wide his arms, sat up on the edge of the bed, and heard the clock strike 12.

Noon and . . . He had an engagement at two! He brightened at the memory and, jumping up, pressed an electric call button on the wall. By the time he had padded barefoot to the bathroom and turned on the cold-water tap, O'Hagan's knock summoned him to the hall door.

"Back again, O'Hagan; and in a desperate rush. I'll want you to shave me and send some telegrams, please. Must be off by 1:30. You may get out my gray-striped flannels"—here he paused, calculating his costume with careful discrimination—"and a black-striped negligee shirt; gray socks; russet low shoes; black and white check tie—broad wings. You know where to find them all?"

"Shure yiss, sor."

O'Hagan showed no evidence of surprise; the eccentricities of Mr. Maitland could not move him, who was inured to them through long association and observation. He moved away to execute his instructions, quietly efficient. By the time Maitland had finished splashing and gasping in the bathtub everything was ready for the ceremony of dressing.

In other words, 20 minutes later Maitland, bathed, shaved, but still in dressing gown and slippers, was seated at his desk, a cup of black coffee steaming at his elbow, a number of yellow telegraph blanks before him, a pen poised between his fingers.

It was in his mind to send a wire to Cressy, apologizing for his desertion of the night just gone, and announcing his intention to rejoin the party from which the motor trip to New York had been as planned but a temporary defection, in time for dinner that same evening. He nibbled the end of the penholder, selecting phrases, then looked up at the attentive O'Hagan.

"Bring me a New Haven time table, please," he began, "and—"

The door bell abruptly his words, clamoring shrilly.

"What the deuce?" he demanded.

"Who can that be? Answer it, will you, O'Hagan?"

He put down the pen, swallowed his coffee, and lit a cigarette, listening to the murmurs at the hall door. An instant later, O'Hagan returned, bearing a slip of white pasteboard which he deposited on the desk before Maitland.

"James Burleson Snaith," Maitland read aloud from the faultlessly engraved card. "I don't know him. What does he want?"

"Wouldn't say, sor; seemed surprised when I told him ye were in, an' said he was glad to hear it—business pressin', says he."

"Snaith?" But I never heard the name before. What does he look like?"

"A gentleman, sor, be th' clothes av him an' th' way he talks."

"Well . . . Devil take the man! Show him in."

"Very good, sor."

Maitland swung around in his desk chair, his back to the window, expression politely curious, as his caller entered the room, pausing, hat in hand, just across the threshold.

He proved to be a man apparently of middle age, of height approximating Maitland's; his shoulders were slightly rounded as if from habitual bending over a desk, his pose mild and deferential. By his eyeglasses and peering look, he was near-sighted; by his dress, a gentleman of taste and judgment as well as of means to gratify both. A certain jaunty and summery touch in his attire suggested a person of leisure who had just run down from his country place for a day in town.

His voice, when he spoke, did nothing to dispel the illusion.

"Mr. Maitland?" he opened the conversation briskly. "I trust I do not intrude? I shall be brief as possible, if you will favor me with a private interview."

Maitland remarked a voice well modulated and a good choice of words. He rose courteously.

"I should be pleased to do so," he suggested, "if you could advance any reason for such a request."

Mr. Snaith smiled discreetly, fumbling in his side pocket. A second slip of card-board appeared between his fingers as he stepped over toward Maitland.

"If I had not feared it might deprive me of this interview, I should have sent in my business card at once," he said. "Permit me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THIRD OPERATION PREVENTED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill. — "I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I was so sick that two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation. I had already had two operations, and they wanted me to go through a third one. I suffered day and night from inflammation and a small tumor, and never thought of seeing a well day again. A friend told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her, and I tried it, and after the third bottle was cured." — Mrs. ALYCE SWEETLING, 11 Langdon Street, Chicago, Ill.



If you are ill do not drag along at home or in your place of employment until an operation is necessary, but build up the feminine system, and remove the cause of those distressing aches and pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

### Not Lacking in Dignity.

There was once upon a time a country lawyer who was noted for his sedate manners and his judicial bearing. In the course of time he was elevated to the bench, where he conducted himself and the court with becoming demeanor, and where he won a reputation for sagacity based nearly altogether upon his solemn accents and his corrugated brow.

One who knew him well was asked by a stranger who saw the judge pass upon the street whether he was really an efficient arbiter.

"Well," said the acquaintance slowly, "I think I may say that John presides with more dignity and less ability than anyone else I ever knew." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tuberculosis Afflicts Japanese. Consumption among Japanese laborers is increasing to such a degree that the figures are becoming a source of anxiety to Japanese merchants and officials. A large percentage of laborers who are sent back to Japan by the Japanese charity associations are consumptives. It is claimed by the Japanese newspapers commenting on this matter that through the lack of hospital accommodations in the Japanese labor camps tuberculosis increases at an alarming rate. They suggest that a new system be employed in dealing with the sick in these camps, as the Japanese are quite ignorant of even the most simple health safeguards.

### A Rich Error.

"Printers' errors are always funny," said Gen. P. P. Parker of the Arizona G. A. R., "and I'll never forget one that was made over a Memorial day sermon some years ago in Phoenix."

"The Monday morning report of this sermon began:

"The Rev. Dr. John Blank greased the pulpit on the occasion"—and so on.

"Graced," of course, is what was meant."

### WON'T MIX.

Bad Food and Good Health Won't Mix.

The human stomach stands much abuse but it won't return good health if you give it bad food.

If you feed right you will feel right, for proper food and a good mind is the sure road to health.

"A year ago I became much alarmed about my health for I began to suffer after each meal no matter how little I ate," says a Denver woman.

"I lost my appetite and the very thought of food grew distasteful, with the result that I was not nourished and got weak and thin."

"My home cares were very heavy, for besides a large family of my own I have also to look out for my aged mother. There was no one to shoulder my household burdens, and come what might, I must bear them, and this thought nearly drove me frantic when I realized that my health was breaking down."

"I read an article in the paper about some one with trouble just like mine being cured on Grape-Nuts food and acting on this suggestion I gave Grape-Nuts a trial. The first dish of this delicious food proved that I had struck the right thing."

"My uncomfortable feelings in stomach and brain disappeared as if by magic and in an incredibly short space of time I was myself again. Since then I have gained 12 pounds in weight through a summer of hard work and realize I am a very different woman, all due to the splendid food, Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason." Trial will prove. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.